



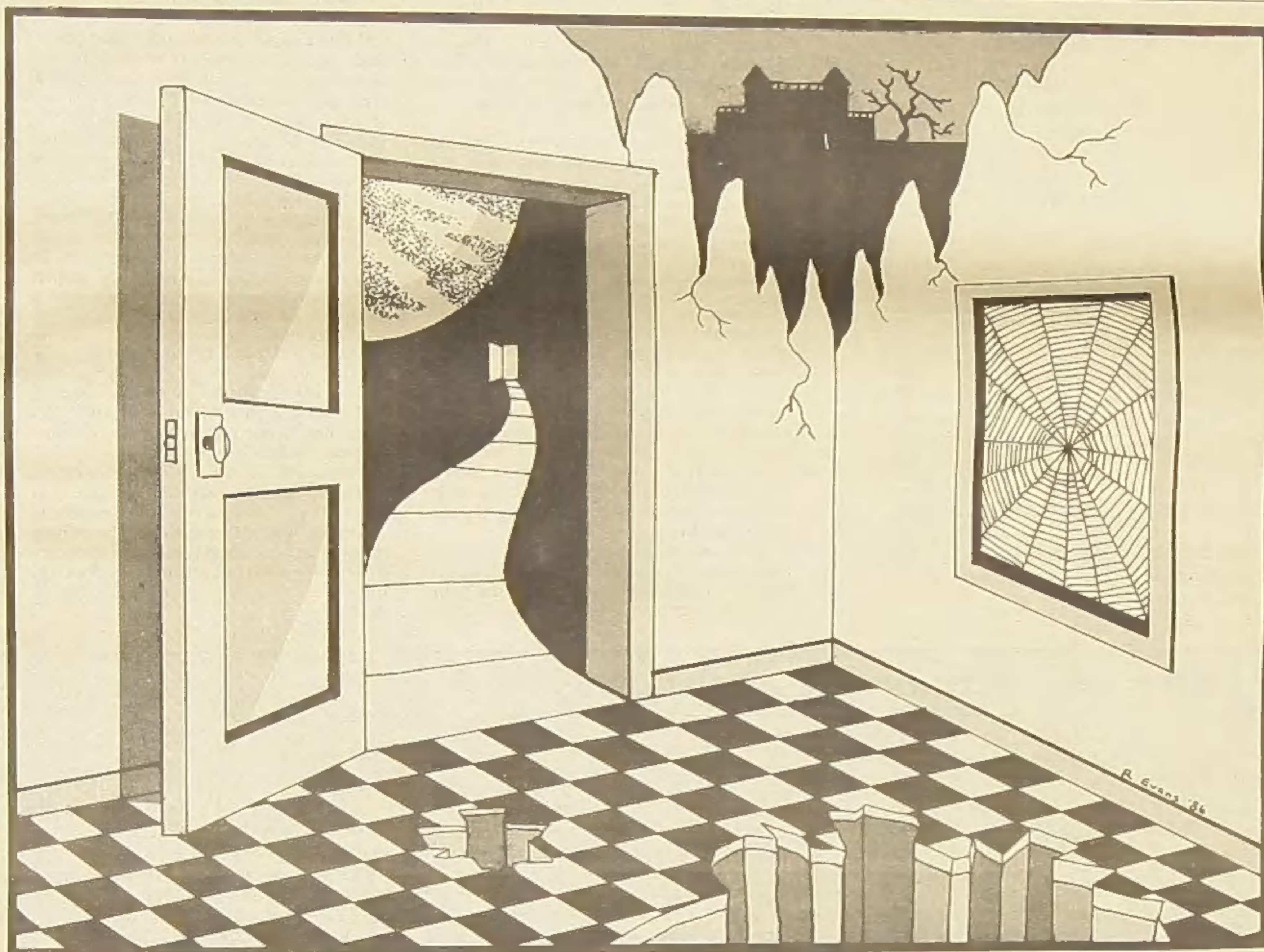
Avalon

Vol. 2 No. 1

Thursday, October 30, 1986

Missouri So. State College
Joplin, Mo. 64801-1595

Missouri Southern's Monthly Arts Magazine



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Contributors

Art

Rick Evans
Joyce Greenlee
Curtis Steere

Poetry


Jon Blanchard
Melody Cundiff
Brad Kleindl
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Photography

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Short Story

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Avalon

Missouri Southern's
Monthly Arts Magazine

Avalon is published by Missouri Southern's
Communications Department.

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Editor

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All materials (short stories, poetry, essays, art, and photographs) to be submitted to *Avalon* should be delivered or mailed to *The Chart* office, Room 117, Hearn Hall. For information phone 624-8100, ext. 228.

Material that is mailed should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return of material, if desired. Except in cases in which PMT's (photo-mechanical transfers) must be made of art or photographs, please do not send originals. *Avalon* takes no responsibility for contributed material.

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Editor's Column

Welcome to the second year of Missouri Southern's *Avalon*. Once again, we have the unique opportunity to bring to you, the reader, the artistic talents of the faculty, staff, and students of Missouri Southern.

We are financially able to bring you this magazine because Mr. Chad Stebbins, our adviser, has given us an unlimited budget. And Keri James, *The Chart's* business manager, is donating all of her advertising commissions. We can spend thousands, even millions to bring this magazine to you.

We probably have enough money to pay \$200 to \$300 for each submission, so why hesitate? Turn in that short story or artwork you've been holding back. We'll make it worth your while...

Actually, we do not have *that* much money. You won't make a dime for submitting your work to *Avalon*. You might, though, be able to add a page to your portfolio.

Add to this two things; first, the sense of accomplishment we all feel when we complete a work of artistic expression, and second, the ability to share our creative expressions and insights with others—having someone say "I've felt like that," "that's fantastic," or even "But what about...?" While the first, the sense of accomplishment, is rewarding, it is often the experience of sharing that is most fulfilling.

And that is our job at *Avalon*—to provide you, the creative people of Missouri Southern, the opportunity to share your artistic expressions with your

community.

There are two minor changes in *Avalon* this year that we would like to note. First, we have changed our folio from "Missouri Southern's Student Literary Magazine" to "Missouri Southern's Monthly Arts Magazine." And we are trying to enhance the quality of reproduction of artwork in the *Avalon*.

We changed the folio for accuracy—some of our staunchest supporters and contributors are not only students, but staff and faculty at the College. In this issue, two members of the faculty—Dr. Vernon Peterson of the communications department and Brad Kleindl from the school of business administration—have contributed poetry.

And *Avalon* is, and always has been, more than a "literary" magazine. In addition to literary art—poetry, short stories, and essays—*Avalon* is also dependent upon artwork and photography to round out its pages.

At this point, there are those who we would like to thank for making this year's *Avalon* possible.

First we would like to thank Simon P. McCaffery, without whom *Avalon* would never have existed. Thanks Simon, for letting us try to fill your shoes.

And to those who have contributed works to *Avalon* this year, thank you. Without you, *Avalon* could not continue.

And we would like to thank the department of communications, for recognizing a good idea and continuing to foot the bill.

From the Memoirs of Agent 006^{1/2}

by Marcus Martin

The fact that you are now reading this proves that you are an inquisitive, intelligent person who enjoys and can appreciate a masterpiece of mystery and world-class detection. My name is Philo D. Klutz, private investigator, adventurer, and man-about-town. These are the facts and this is my story.

One fine day about 11 years ago...or perhaps it was last week, I forget. At any rate, I was sitting in my office contemplating my next suicide attempt, when in walked the most luscious pair of, uh...that is, the most spectacularly-built female I had ever seen in some time. I asked her if I could help her, and she proceeded to tell me of how her pet poodle, "Spiffy," had been dognapped two days before. She said that a large black lady had roomed in her apartment building until the week before, and that she suspected her of stealing the dog. Naturally, I was appalled at the notion that someone would actually do

this lovely creature a disservice, so I invited her back to my place for some comfort (Southern Comfort), noticing she was upset. The ungrateful little witch suggested I do something anatomically impossible and hurried out, paying me a handsome retainer.

I decided to begin my quest for the purloined poodle after finishing lunch. While I sat devouring my favorite food, greasy burger with lots of garlic and onions, I began to consider what it was about me that turned women off. Not now, I thought, I must concentrate on the case at hand.

As I emerged on the street, I began studying my notes on what the woman had told me. Now all I had to do was find the woman who was described to me in detail, and hopefully if I found her, the dog...

After I had extracted myself from the open manhole I had fallen into, I spotted "Sleaze" McWheeze, my long-time, and most trusted

informant. I described the large black lady, showed him the photograph I had of "Spiffy," and asked him if he had seen either of the parties in question. He said he had, and supplied me with valuable information. However, as usual, good old "Sleaze" hit me over the head and lifted my wallet. One of these days "Sleaze" and I are going to have a serious discussion.

My head was still cloudy from the blow on the head, when I thought I spotted "Spiffy," so I walked up to the lady with the dog, and began to interrogate her. Soon a cop appeared, acknowledging shouts of "masher, animal, and sex-maniac." Still, what could I do but yell, when this crazy lady began to rip my clothes off.

I returned to my office, feeling dispirited by the whole matter. I tried to take a well-

(continued on page 9)

Christian Vandalism

i have never seen reality-
touched it.

i have never been there;
a world of flesh and smoke
floating toward infinity
blind to charred martyrs,
neither kind nor unkind
to lies becoming
truths.

(i dreamed of it in childhoods' bed
below a lovely blue-eyed Christ.
He spoke to me gently,
touched me with his wounded hand,
well-healed,
smelling of ancient seas-
musty spices far removed from lutheran shores.
His face, more woman than man
wore no expression of His father's hell.
or the confirmation rose.
or the fresh money piled high in polished bowls)

and awake i walked the steps to sunday school.
His picture, larger, hung on gold
a faint smile crossed His lips;
they did not speak.
i touched the canvas,
traced a line around His face
then placed my gum below the eyes,
remembering they were never
blue.

john mcknight
9-24-86

Absolute Power Corrupts: Absolutely

It is said that in the land of scarlet
There is a mighty defender of timeless wisdom
Which could bridge all gaps which now exist.
Boundless knowledge!
Would you wrest this volume from him?
They say the domain of the fire-giants
Holds a closely-guarded key
Said to be enchanted
With the secret of immortality.
Immortality!
Is this your fondest desire?
And where the living glaciers roam
Of whom terrible wrath is spoken of in lore
There rests an enchanted pair of platinum wings
Said to endow the power of flight.
To fly like a bird!
Does this reflect your dreams?
It is written in the sands of time
That somewhere on the edge of forever
Exists a madman laughing endlessly
For in his horned head he holds all the knowledge
That was ever wished to be possessed, and
Somewhere within that incredible mind
He realizes that he will exist
Until time is cast into the the realm of shadows
With wings upon his back, whose purpose is
Ever-clouded by his intense madness.
he is the fallen angel, beelzebub

Marcus Martin

Innovativity

Creativity is a living thing
To be cherished and nourished
Encouraged along
Bring it out for all to see
Quality

Only time will tell
What it says to you
The world, social environment
These things will determine
Creativity

Whatever you build
Anything you dream
Where your goals lie
However your cards fall
Liberty

That's what it's all about
After all, isn't it?
Individual liberty



Joyce

And In The End

Can you see through the eyes
You've opened for me?
How can you kindle a flame
That's never seen a spark?
You have such power
And you wield it with such grace.
You can never truly know
What you hold in your palm.

Life is for living
And power is forgiving
This world will protect
And preserve us.

And when runs out
The sands of our time
On this Earth,
This conveyor belt stops
And we've revealed our true worth,
You and I shall experience
A magnificent rebirth.

Joyce Greenlee

Now This Is Philosophy

In the trials of modern life
 The bitter tragedies we undergo everyday
 Affect us less drastically,
 And through conformity and tolerance
 We adapt
 So that we do not consider time past
 And rather concentrate on the present
 And look to the future.
 We condition ourselves to be prepared
 For tomorrow
 For we realize that yesterday
 Was the preparation
 For tomorrow
 Today
 And tomorrow never knows.

Migraine

My angel lies before me
 Satan tearing at her cranium
 He wants her anger
 He relentlessly thrashes her
 Long daggers of pain, stabbing endlessly.

Enheartenment

Those of you who are awed by this
 I salute you
 You who comprehend what I impart
 This I forge for your mentality
 And, one step further,
 I have a query for you.
 Is your sense of humor sometimes
 Beyond others' comprehension?
 Pity those who make light of you
 Truly, they respond as could be expected
 They laugh or cry or are angered
 By that which they do not understand
 And, as laughter is the safest escape
 They choose, therefore, this mode
 Of saving face, saving grace
 Feel not abused, be not confused
 You are succeeding
 In this ludicrous plan

What A Society

I am a legend
 In my own mind
 I believe the world is
 Noone's but mine
 Somewhere in the night I rise
 Why can't you people
 Hear my cries, It's no surprise
 This world is such a mess
 Noone listens to me
 This wonderful omniscient luminous
 fiery genius of a madman
 (Or madman of a genius,
 whichever you prefer)
 Who tries and tries and tries
 O come now, tell me
 You don't really believe these lies
 If you thought these words
 Held a 'truth'
 Or a creed to live by
 You're a fool, I surmise.

Poems by
 Marcus Martin



Joyce Greenlee

Dream

Dream, Dream childhood's dreams,
Things bright, glitter and gleam
Dragons far
Spaceships and stars.

Dream of loves, tall and true
Love for only you.

Dream, Dream childhood's dreams,
Loves first spell deeply dwells
Lives cast far
Butterflies released from a jar.

Dream of lovers light
Sharp pains of sorrow in the night.

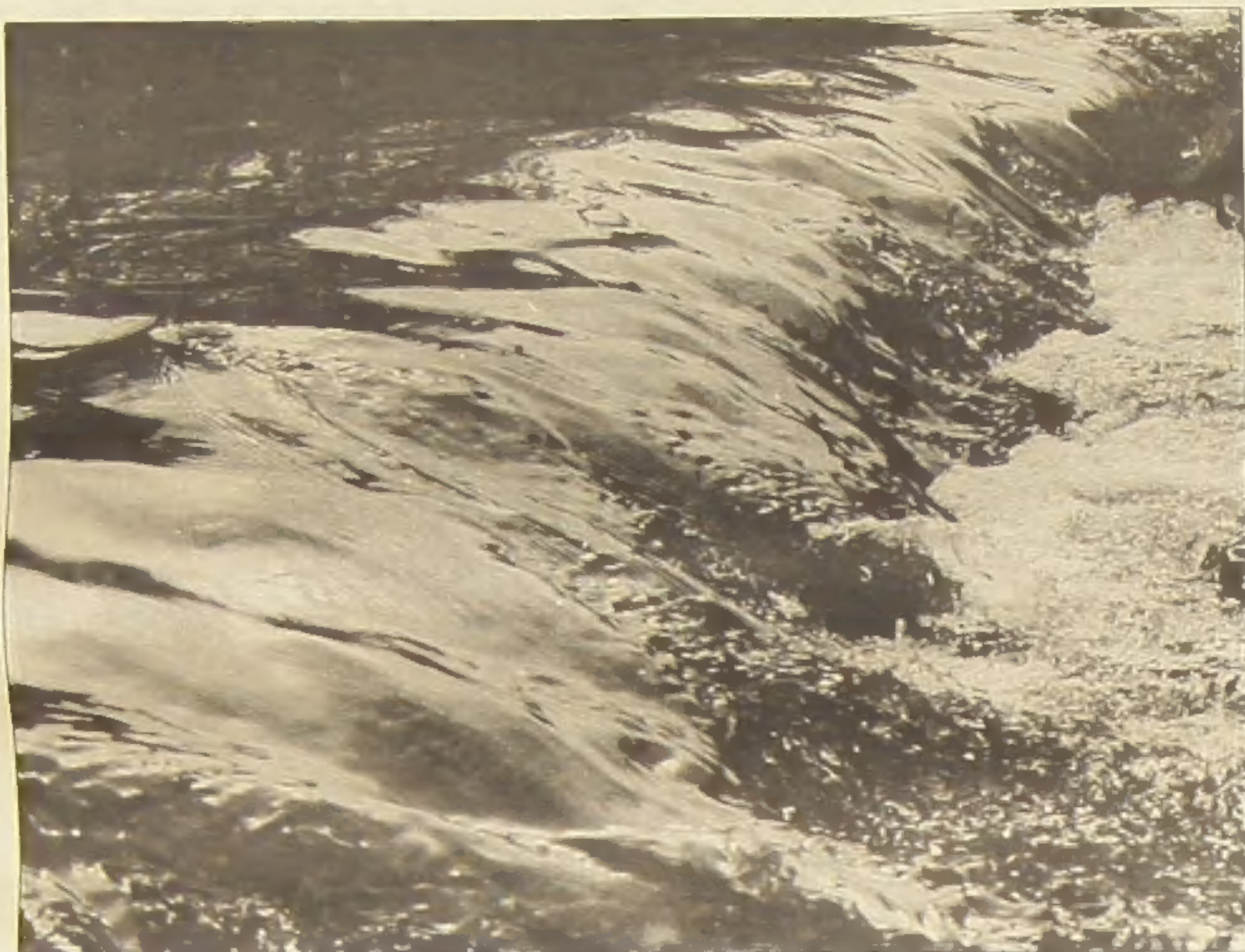
Dream, Dream childhood's dreams,
Grasping a past
A moments thought in the night.

Brad Kleindl

Goodbye Walter

You will deny the venomous charge,
Yet embrace the pain,
Fight to save it with anger & spit & curses;
This joy the young are forbidden.
Would not see.
Wonder what he feels,
Martyr without equal?
Disgust for the blind, rage at the crippled,
That men wait behind closed doors for the fuse to blow out.
Thrashing the air,
He runs the contorted run,
He dances the last dance.

Jon Blanchard



Photographs by
JoAnn Hollis





Joyce Greenlee

006½—continued from page 2

deserved nap, but there was too much noise from the Trembles, (the Trembles are a strange family who live on the next floor, but that's another story).

I was startled back to reality by my secretary's yelling for me to come help her. Evidently she had gotten back from her usual 3-hour lunch and, while playing with my handcuffs, locked herself to a chair. I freed her from the chair, and was about to protest to her about having such a filthy poodle messing up my office when I walked my client, shouting, 'Oh! You found my Spiffy.', and paid me a large sum of money.

I still to this day wonder what all the commotion was about. My secretary's dog had dark streaks on it, not like my client's poodle, but she was so deliriously happy, I decided once again to invite her back to my place. Surprisingly, she had learned absolutely nothing about anatomy.



◆

Curtis Steere

No Good-byes

There is a place,
That I can go,
Where you and I,
Can be all alone.

The Garden of the Good Shepherd,
Is where you spend your days,
Even throughout the night,
That's where you still remain.

It's such a beautiful place,
So quiet and peaceful within the shade,
With memories so vivid,
They could never start to fade.

At the end of each visit,
Before I stand,
I touch the smooth stone,
With a trembling hand.

For you won't be going with me,
Your destiny is here,
No good-byes were ever spoken,
So "good-bye," I'll never hear.

Untitled

A healing heart takes a great strength-
To mend the many scars it bares.
And one must remember that though
people may be gone from sight-
They will never be gone from our memory.
For as long as they are present there,
They shall remain with us forever.

Untitled

If I think about it too much,
All I can do is cry.
But getting you out of my thoughts,
My friend-
Is an impossibility.

Untitled

The power of healing,
Comes only from the heart.
And once the healing begins
it allows a much greater power
to proceed --
That being forgiveness.

Untitled

I loved you a long time ago,
And to this day have never really stopped.
But it is ironic--
how we strive to hurt each other,
Over and over again,
one way or another.

Is it destiny to do this the rest of our lives,
And will the hurting ever ease?
I will always love you,
but I have to wonder of it's strong enough
to survive the strains.

Poems by
Melody Cundiff

Sailor's Song

I've gone to sea again my love
I've gone to sea again.

Can you forgive this time love,
For I've gone to see again.

The sea is a lady my love,
With a thousand breasts that swell.
I can whisper all my secrets, love,
And know she'll never tell.

I've gone to sea again my love,
I've gone to sea again.

To roll her waves beneath my legs,
And spread her tender skin.
I believe it is my manly urge,
That's blowing in the wind.

But the sea is not you, my love,
And no, can never be.
For a world without you, my love,
is a world without me.

And never fear my love,
Or be jealous of the sea.
For though I go to sea, my love,
And taste her salty air.

The love I feel for you, my love,
No sea can compare.

Alan McCabe



Curtis Steere

Untitled

Escape...
from reality,
frailties,
decisions.

Escape...
from love,
hate,
disappointments.

Escape...
from friends,
family,
enemies.

Escape...
one concept often considered,
seldom fulfilled.

-Harmony

When I Loved You

It's been so long now, since I last thought of you,
I know it's hard to believe, but it's true.

You were always on my mind, now you drift away,
You used to be gone just a second, now it's for days.

I never thought I could live, without you on my side,
And many nights I felt, the tears pouring from my eyes.

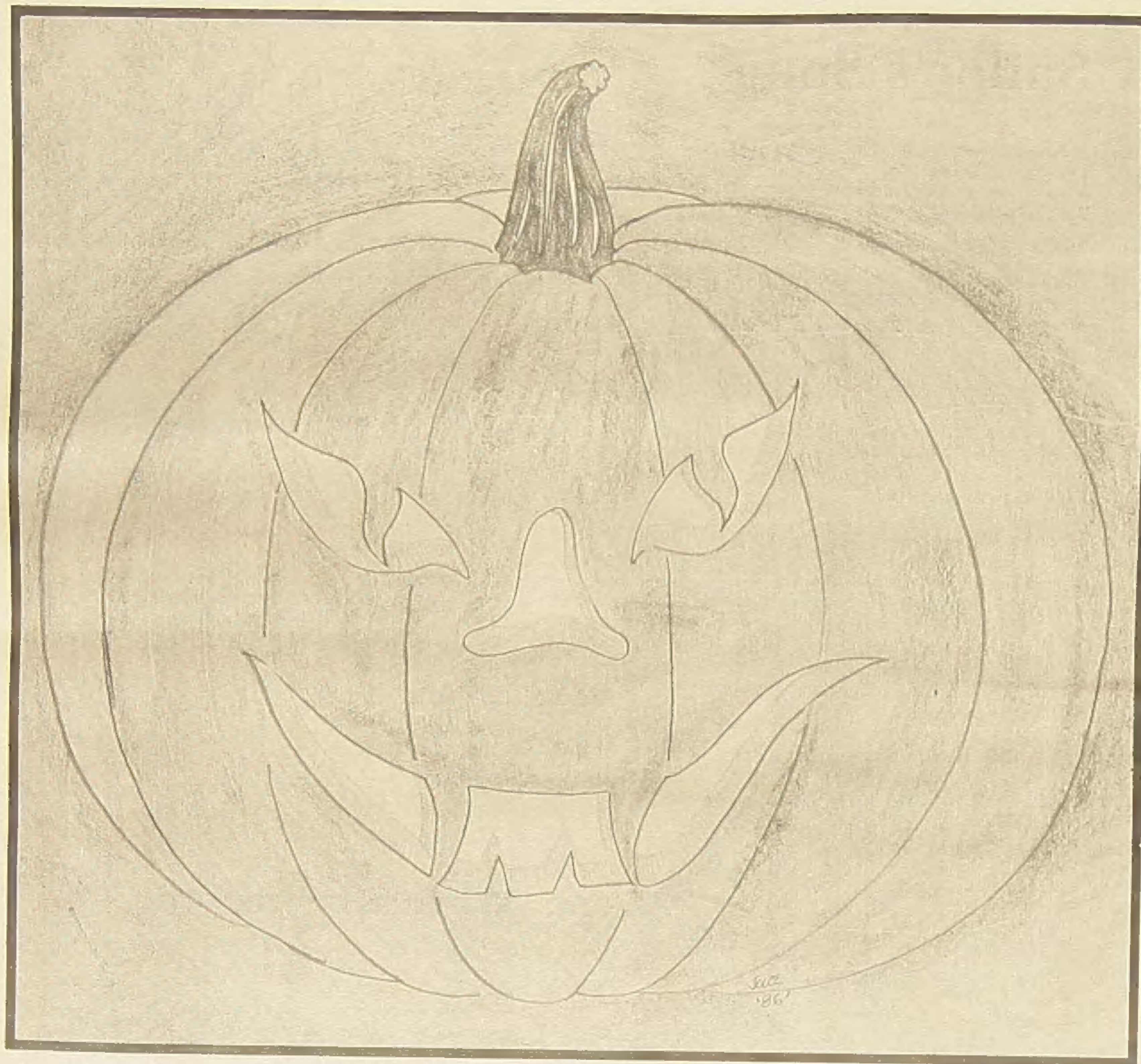
I guess I was just lonely, for the gentleness of your touch,
And the love you gave to me, I still needed very much.

But that lonely spot in my life, has been filled by someone new,
Even though I'm with him, now and then I still miss you.

And when that happens, he takes my hand,
Holds it so tightly, to tell me he understands.

Now I love him deep inside, I know I do,
Because I feel the way I did, when I loved you.

PJHW



Joyce Greenlee

*Happy
Halloween*